

The World
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SCHOOLS AND A PUNCH IN THE HEAD.

The American schoolboy will kindly rise in his place. Is it true, sir, that you are not being brought up to punch another boy's head, or to stand up if your own is punched?

This question is not intended as an incitement to disorderly conduct, or breach of the peace. It is put in the words of a conclusion reached by twenty-four out of twenty-six very good Englishmen, making up the Mosely Educational Commission, who recently visited the United States to find out what part our schools play in making us great among nations.

A truly British conclusion this, which couples the measure of a boy's manly advance with his disposition to punch heads, or not to punch them!

And it is all blamed on the abounding woman teacher of America. She is well enough in the primary school, but in the high school she is responsible for the "coming over the men" of a "strange, indefinable, feminine air."

Delightful! Now we know why football as our high schools and colleges have it is so ladylike a game. But it will take another British commission to tell us why basketball as the girls' schools have it is swelling the hospital lists of casualties day by day.

To speak to the point, the British visitors have based an absurd assertion on a surface look at things. We who live among American schoolboys all the time, seeing them at best and worst, at peace and at "scrap," are not disturbed by what the foreign wise men say.

It has been hinted above that some refutation of the Mosely men's conclusion can be found in the country's playgrounds. Did the honorable commissioners in their devotion to curriculums and things chance to overlook the athletic leagues which bind our American high schools and grammar schools in close outdoor alliance? Which go further and furnish to our colleges, great and small, the blood, sinew and manly spirit that count on many fields—that have scored and will score again against "all England" teams?

To take an individual instance, there is Metcalf, a present star of Yale football and baseball, a player as aggressive as clever. Grammar school and high school athletics developed his talents. He was among the boy pupils of women teachers. "Is case is typical of the selection constantly going on from inexhaustible native sources of manly strength and skill.

Waterloo, according to Wellington, was won on the playgrounds of Eton. With the victories for which our own schoolboys have prepared and are preparing in robust fashion, America has had and shall have reason to be content.

And yet, the woman teacher will stay.

The gravely judging Britons have no censure for the results of our educational system beyond the line of head-punching.

True, as they see him, the American student is "not as scholarly or as well read as the English student of the same age," but, apparently through some miraculous endowment, "he has his knowledge in a better form to apply." "The British system turns out a man full of knowledge and principles, while the American product is a business man with a scientific training."

This is encouraging. It shows that the visitors looked at our boys well on the books and business side. We shall now hope that if they come again they will arrange to contemplate a school "scrimmage" or two. They are assured that not a little direct application of scientific principles will be visible to the naked British eye upon the American athletic field.

We have had a fond idea, over here, that among the effects of co-education and of the employment of tactful women teachers is the fixing upon American boys of certain marked airs of courtesy and consideration.

Can it have been this, to our eyes, becoming appearance of sex deference which impressed our British visitors as "a strange, indefinable feminine air?"

And which led them to believe that they could punch heads in this glad land without getting their own heads punched in return?

Jefferson was born 161 years ago to-day. Simplicity, afterward called Jeffersonian, came earlier and died but little later.

THE AUTOMOBILE—IT LIVES!

An act of the Legislature has been officially interpreted as classifying the automobile among animals. Oversteering the horseless carriage is therefore punishable as cruelty to animals and the Bergh society will continue to get the fines.

It was demonstrated early in the existence of the new road monster that it could manifest in exaggerated degrees the various vices of the sometimes patient but often uncertain horse.

The auto can balk, side step, jump fences, blind stagger and bolt with the most malicious or afflicted of the equine race. In addition, it can literally burst its boiler or produce most inauspiciously a wayside conflagration. To have all these performances attributed at last by official authority to possession by a real evil spirit is a matter for glad acceptance by every well-regulated chauffeur.

To swear "Glittering Gloria!" at a mere aggregation of inanimate machinery has been of little satisfaction to the moblist unduly halted, shattered or even scattered on his way. To "take it out of" an apparatus duly certified to as living and breathing—even with a gasoline breath—will be different and infinitely more joyful.

Love and the Absent Girl.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A YOUNG New York man who believes in a fair maid whose permanent residence is in the Far West has applied to this column for advice as to how he is to preserve the young woman's interest in himself during a long period which must elapse before they meet again.

"How can I keep her interested?" he asks. "She is very attractive and is sure to have lots of other fellows around her. I am not very much on letter-writing. What shall I do?"

His problem is one that has perplexed separated lovers the world over from the world's beginning. Usually, however, it is considered the function of the feminine half of the conundrum to solve it, as the average man's recipe for keeping an absent girl interested is to keep her guessing.

It is refreshing, therefore, to encounter a young lover who does not believe that the duty of keeping the sacred flame alive during a period of separation is not entirely up to the girl.

Nevertheless there is one thing the inquiring young man will have to get over at once—that is, his distaste for letter-writing. For unless he possesses or can acquire in some degree the art of projecting his personality across the dividing distance through a pen-and-ink medium he might as well give up at once.

Most women are sentimentalists, idealists, and to these the long-distance thrill of a genuine love-letter has quite as much charm and far more subtlety than that produced by an actual meeting.

The only advice that can be given the young man, therefore, is to learn to write letters, and to write them whether he wants to or not.

As a rule men are not good letter-writers, and the man from whom a girl wants most to receive a love-letter she seldom writes the kind of letter she wants most to receive.

This kind of letter does not necessarily make good literature. Indeed, there is nothing less effective than the love-letter obviously striving for effect, and the very men of the lackadaisical, poetic kind, who pride themselves upon the ever-ready throw in their ink bottles and the kisses they can convey, have probably never inspired a genuine feeling in their lives.

The right kind of love-letter must blend tender seriousness with affectionate banter, and must not seem so very much in earnest that if a woman laughs at it she can be sure that she was first to laugh, and that the joke is not on her.

If the New York young man were to see his Western Dulcinea once a week he would have an infinitude of things—grave and tender, interesting and humorous—to say to her.

If he can learn to write them instead he need not worry about keeping her interested—if she is worth the keeping.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A child is born in the United States of foreign parents (the parents being naturalized), at the age of twenty-one is said child a citizen? J. H. W.

On the Side Nearest the Curb.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Should a fellow walk on the outside or in the centre when walking with two ladies? J. W. B.

Fitz's Weight.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A. bets that when Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought at Carson City Fitzsimmons weighed less than 166 pounds. B. bets that he weighed more than 166 pounds. Which wins? E. L. H.

Neither man "weighed in" officially. Corbett weighed 182-2. Fitz claimed to weigh 168.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was Barham & Bailey's circus in New York City last season? J. B. KING.

Where to Get Gas Meter Tested.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I get my gas meter tested and what is the charge for same? F. B.

Jastrow Alexander, No. 1 Hanover Square, will have your meter tested on application. If the meter is correct the fee is 50 cents. If incorrect the test will cost you nothing.

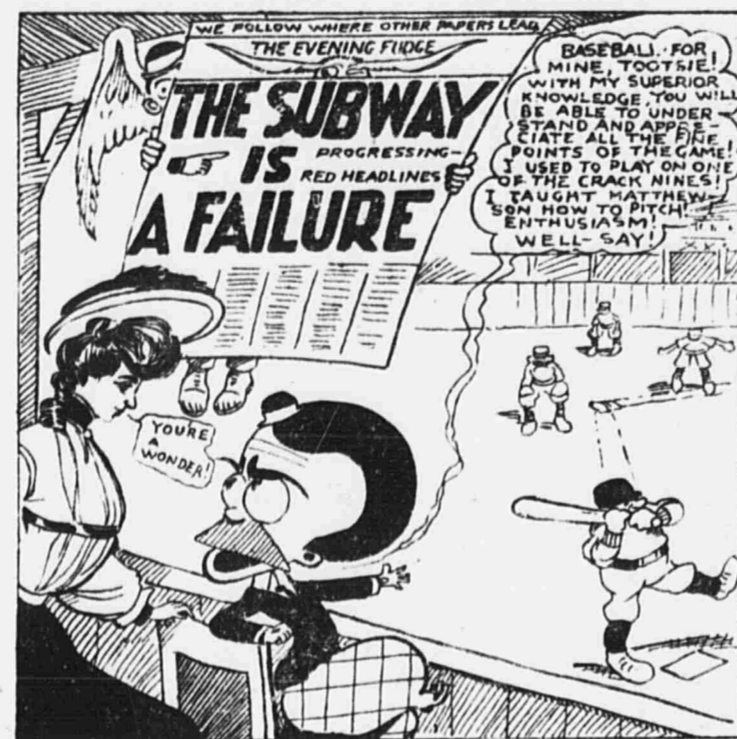
Plan to Check Fires.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I live in a house that has a store on the ground floor, with a metal cornice extending outward over the windows about two feet. This store caught fire recently, and this metal cornice saved the building by keeping the flames from the woodwork. Would it not be a good idea to have a piece of metal extending across the house under every window to keep the flames away from the woodwork? A. R.

Take It from Side of Spoon.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says the proper way to take soup is from the side of the spoon. B says it is from the end, as the spoon was shaped for that purpose. Kindly decide. R. T. W.

Apply to Civil-Service Commission, No. 61 Elm Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I learn certain particulars as to a civil service examination? H. H.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.
Mr. Peewee takes Miss Sixfoot to a Ball Game.

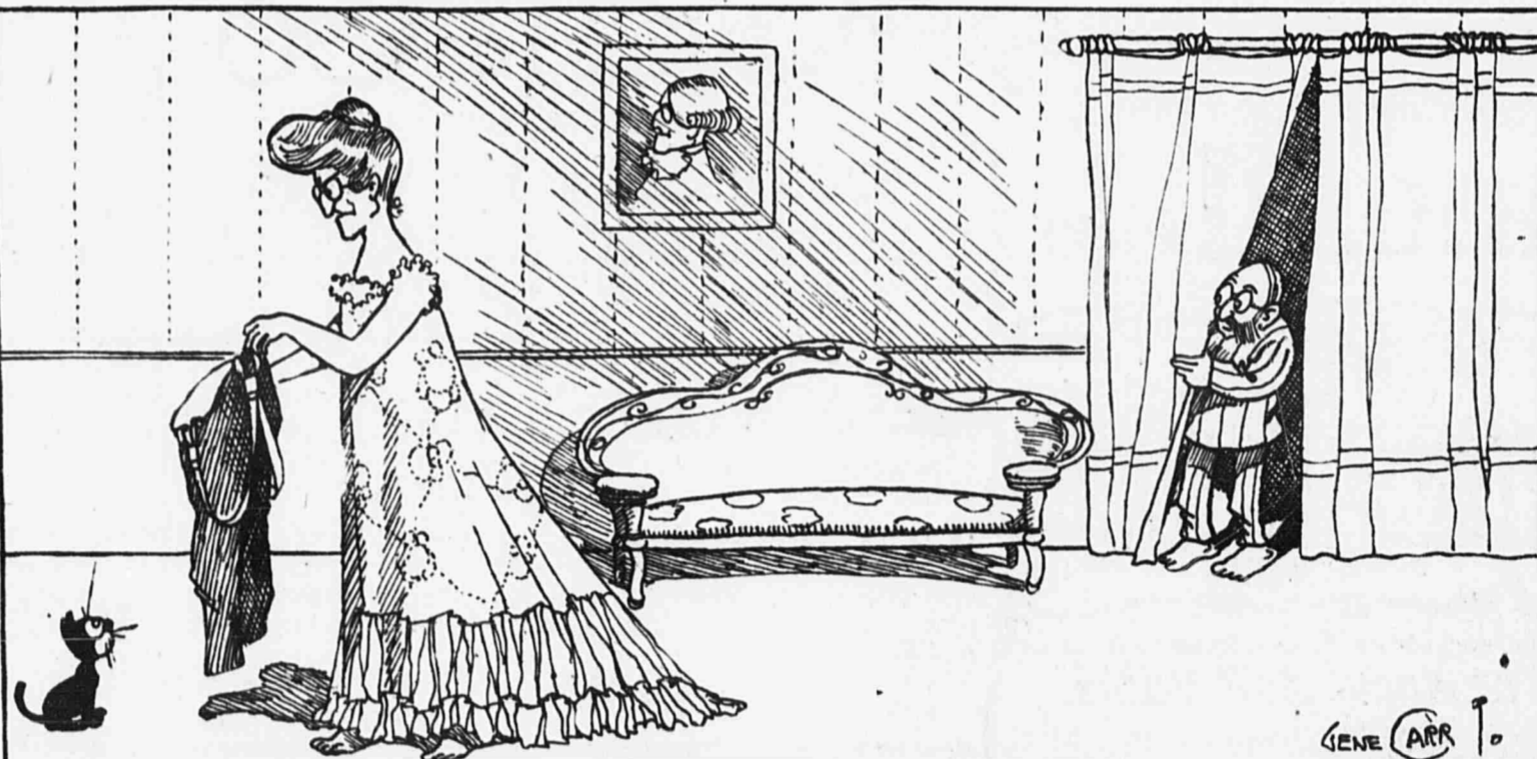


To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Was Written by Will Mahoney, No. 305 South Second Street, Brooklyn. PRIZE PEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each. No. 1—ISABELLE DE VINE, No. 12 Bl dwell place, Buffalo, N. Y. No. 2—MRS. B. H. HEINTZE, No. 588 Quincy street, Brooklyn. No. 3—L. V. WILSON, No. 1007 Watchung avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

The Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Gook, "Does the Earth Turn 'Round the Wrong Way?"

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. By Roy L. McCardell.
Illustrated by GENE CARR.

Does She Waste the Money? No! And Yet to Hear that Man You Would Think She Was Taking What Didn't Belong to Her! But Then, You Know, a Man Never Appreciates the Woman that Lets Him Have His Way in Everything!



"I did not think you were small and mean enough to carry your money in your inside coat-pocket when I thought it was in your trousers."

"HOW dare you startle me like that?"

"You know how my nerves are. You know that the doctor says I must not get excited."

"Going through your pockets? The idea! How dare you accuse me of such a thing? Your key was hanging on the floor, and I only picked them up while you were out of the room."

"I know I do not get any thanks for being neat and careful. You would let your keys lie on the floor to be eaten by the cat, and then you would blame me."

"Don't give me any of your black looks, Mr. Nagg!"

"Suppose I was in your pockets? Am I a slave that I should be afraid to touch my lord and master's garments?"

"Yes, I did need a little money to pay the milkman. You don't care if the household expenses are never paid. You would permit me to be bullied by tradesmen. You have no pride."

"But because I have pride and because I have honesty I am compelled to put up with your unjust suspicions."

"It is not that I was doing anything underhand or mean like you do. You are cruel and suspicious. You do not understand a sunny nature like mine."

"If you had all the worry on your shoulders that I have on mine you would not stand it as I do."

"Don't stand grinning at me. My attitude is not an apologetic one. I have rights. I will not be kept pinched and starved that you may have money to splurge over the country on sightseeing trips."

"I went along, you say?"

"That's right. Blame it on me! Say it was my fault. You know I did not want to go. You dragged me away simply to have some one to blame for all the money you spent."

"We need not have spent so much? Well, do you think I am going to let an immigrant? Would you want me to put up at cheap fire-trap hotels?"

"Yes, you would. Don't say you wouldn't! Anything is good enough for me. I can travel in a cattle car and eat vile food in a cheap restaurant, but you must have the best going! I'd like to see myself do it."

"And just because I'm a little short running the house and take a little change, this is the way you act!"

"I had forty dollars yesterday? Well, suppose I had! How long do you think forty dollars will last? Everything is so dear that I have to pinch and scrape and save a penny here and a penny there."

"Do I smoke expensive cigars? No, I do not. I know you pretend you have stopped smoking, but think of all the money you wasted on high-priced cigars before you met me."

"I work and work and work. If you knew how hard it was to make servants attend to anything you would appreciate how I am all broken down."

"I can have all the money I want, you say? I don't want your money. I won't take your money. Give it to me, and stop talking about it."

"Only \$20! What good will \$20 do me? My spring dress will be here to-day and \$30 worth of lace to make over that cheap old \$6 shirt waist I have worn till it is a rag."

"That's how I do. I turn my dresses and things and I make them over. I try to be economical and not waste the money. And much you care for my sacrifices."

"If you had a wasteful and extravagant wife who never asked you for money but took what she wanted from your clothes when you were not looking, then you would know what it was to have a wife who would die rather than demean herself like that!"

"I hate a sneak! You put your clothes there and went out to shave merely by a pretense. You put temptation in my way and then insult me by offering me money because I did not think you were small and mean enough to carry your money in your inside coat-pocket when I thought it was in your trousers."

"That is the way men deceive their wives. Do not try to excuse yourself. You have a brutal and suspicious nature."

"I am so particular about little things. I am kind and sweet-tempered, but I above all, I am honest."

"But what do you know about honesty? You are suspicious of every one. You are suspicious of my brother Wally. You are so selfish that you scowled because he ate all the strawberries and cream."

"He is weak and needs dainties. But you would see that poor boy starve for your own sake, and you would be glad to fore your own arm. Oh, that I should be considered dishonest! No, don't try to comfort me. Your cruelty has broken my heart!"

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Five Tammany Men Are Rehearsing for Each Vacant Job.

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that Tammany didn't hang out any flags when McAdoo appointed this young Lindsley to be his Third Deputy Commissioner."

"The flag-hangers in Tammany," replied The Man Higher Up, "are on strike. The patronage is being sifted through a ladder, and all that goes through is what Tammany don't get. It is an awful scream to a hide-bound Tammany man to have the organization in power and not be able to do business, and the explosion is liable to happen any minute after the State Convention in Albany next week."

"The Tammany job hunters have run up against the Civil-Service law. You can't find a leader to-day that isn't jumping on the civil-service proposition with both feet and leaning down and beating it with his hands, but it's there and the chances are that it is going to stay."

"When the Van Wyck administration was tin-canned off the track, and the Low push got in, the professional politicians on the Republican and reform end tried to pry out a lot of places in the different departments for their people. Tammany had planned its bunch in so strong under the civil-service regulations that you couldn't see the patronage that went to the Platt machine with a microscope. Probably one-third of all the city employees under the Low administration were Tammany men and they couldn't be blown out. They were sure of their jobs in the last campaign, no matter who won, and it was hard work to get them to cough up."

"The heads of departments are working hard enough to make places for Tammany workers, with the possible exception of the Comptroller. In the other departments the clerks who have no Tammany pull are doing the only real work they ever did in their lives. They have to be Johnny-on-the-spot to the minute when the time comes to go on the works and not one of them makes a break for the door until the last whistle has blown in the afternoon. For every job that could be declared open there are five Tammany workers in rehearsal, and the consequence is that the city is getting more work out of its hired hands than ever before in its history."

"This scramble for patronage is extremely undignified," commented the Cigar-Store Man.

"I may be wrong," admitted The Man Higher Up, "but I'll take a chance on saying that the leader who tries to win an election on dignity is going to get extensively stung."

GOSPLETS in Rhyme.
By the Passer-by.
Play Ball!

At last the omens of the year, grown fair,
The eve of long-awaited sport declare:
The sapphire skies with rays of gold alight,
The emerald aird with flashing diamonds bright.
The moulting owl of indoors winged away,
A coward to the bounding ball of play;
While over woods, and fields, and cote and hall
A million hats rise to the cry, "Play ball!"
"Beats! Beats!" "Dodgers!" "Phillies!" West and East,
A lucky number! Open now the feast,
And, to the spanking national colors true,
Unfurl the lustrous of the red, white, blue!
And "Cleveland" at Chicago will be seen
(Not "same and safe"—less Grover has grown lean);
At the capital, Conny Mack's "Athletics";
In Gotham, the "Champions," rigid dietists;
Elsewhere will Kelly's "Texas Trained Red Troopers"
Meet Frank's "Chicago Cubs," to inspire the whoopers.
Thus the two leagues, joined in the national game,
Challenge the patriot and bid for fame.

But stay! Shall we forget the little man,
Who steals from urban hardship what he can,
Furling a Sunday hour and dons the glove
To practise in a vacant lot for love?
"Pinched" by the cop or bidden to "move on,"
By gilded, recreant "golfer" frowned upon,
Must he be parted from his healthy toy
And sink to hidden crime, the City Boy?
Awake ye heathen-Christian Powers that bel
Grant Sunday ball to wistful poverty.

Four Posers for Puzzlers.

The Window Puzzle.
Here is a window, 8 feet high, 3 feet wide, and square. It is desired to block up half this window, and yet leave a window that shall still be 8 feet high, 3 feet wide, and square.

How Did He Do It?
Some children are certainly cleverer than their parents. There is the story, for example, of the small boy who carried to his father three square toy bricks, on each of which was a printed figure. (They were used in the nursery to teach the little ones how to count.) These were the three which the small boy set before his father:



"Now, father," said he, "can you arrange those three bricks so as to make the whole number they will form exactly divisible by seven? I've done it!" And so he had. The question is, can you?

Was It a Tragedy?

Jones and Brooks went out shooting. Jones shot Brooks. Was it a tragedy?

Does this document make Jones guilty of a crime? It certainly looks like it at first sight; but when Jones's father had studied it for some time he burst out laughing; so there must be a catch in it somewhere.

Only One Letter Missing.

By inserting at the proper place in this arrangement of letters one other letter a perfect sentence can be made. What is the letter?

New Form of "Loop-the-Loop."

A new form of looping the loop is promised the Parisians. A French engineer says he will make a motor car run down a slope to a chasm in the track, at the end of which it will mount a springboard and turn a complete somersault, coming down on the other side of the chasm, and on a continuation of the track.